Ovid Traveſtie,

A

BURLESQUE

Upon ſeveral of

Ovid's Epiſtles:

BY

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Of *Gray's-Inn*, Gent.

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Ovid Travestie.

A

BURLESQUE

upon

Ovid's Epistles:

BY

THE AUTHOR OF Cry-ba, Cant.

LONDON

TO THE
READER,
Occaſioned by the
PREFACE
To a late Book call'd, The
Wits Paraphras'd.

BEfore I ſhall give you any Account of our old Friend Ovid, *or of his* Life, *I am to inform you, that his* Epiſtles *have been ingeniouſly and correctly tranſlated by ſeveral Gentlemen; and withall, that he was of a good Family, and a brave Fellow was he. Now, ſince the unhappy Accident of his Death, his Ghoſt hath been lately attempted to be rais'd by an unlucky* Pretender *to* Poetry, *who indeed hath not skill enough to diſturb his Manes: He calls his Book,* The Wits Paraphras'd, *or,* Paraphraſe upon Paraphraſe; *that is,* Throw Pelion upon Oſſa, Oſſa upon Pelion, and away with it. *This Book he has dedicated to his Patron* Julian, *Secretary to the* Muſes, *in hopes that he may get an Under-writer's Place*

ſomewhere about Pernaſſus: *but alaſs! how can he ever hope for Preferment, when he has blaſphem'd the beſt* Poet *of our Age, by miſtaking* Innocence *for* Ignorance: *I wiſh to God the laſt may not riſe up in Judgment againſt him. He (good Soul) is (as appears in his Epiſtle to his Patron) for none of your High Flights; but, like an humble Sinner in a ſtrict Diet, makes all his* Simile's *of* Cloſe-ſtools *with* Velvet-ſeats, *and* Pans *that receive the Excrement. God ſave us: What are we when we are left to our ſelves!*

Now for his Preface, *he would imitate that ingenious one of Mr.* Dryden's *to* Ovid's Epiſtles, *in beginning with* Ovid's Life, *which hath been wrot by as many Men as there are* Lives *in* Plutarch. *And again, Our* Paraphraſer *ſaies, that* Ovid *was as good a Wit as Himſelf or any other Tranſlator; and, to prove that, he ſaies,* Neſcivit quod bene ceſſit, *&c.*
He might as aptly have ſaid,

The Man in the Moon drinks Claret.

Then he ſaies, that he could find no ſuch thing as Clubbing *with* Ovid *in all the Catalogue of* Virgil, Catullus, Propertius, *or* Tibullus: *Very truly ſaid: for I ſuppoſe he knows nothing farther of thoſe Authors then the Catalogue.*

Oh Tempora! Oh Mores!
The more the merrier!

He wonders, that ſo many Workmen ſhould put their Shreds and Thrums together to dreſs Ovid *in a* Buffoon's *Coat! why a ſilly* Quaker, *in plain* Taunton *Serge, thinks*

a Scarlet

a Scarlet Coat embroider'd *to be* the Old Serpent!

He queſtions not but that there are more Fools in the world of his opinion. (*The true Queſtion is, Whether he is not ſingle?*)

Then he affirms, that, in his own ſimple naked ſhape, he comes nearer the Original then the beſt of 'em; when in Sapho *to* Phaon *he begins at the ſixth Diſtich*, Arva Phaon celebrat, *&c. and goes back to the fifth*, Uror ut indomitis, *&c. leaving out the eight Verſes preceding; by which you may eaſily gueſs that he had no other Authority for his* Paraphraſe (*as he calls it*) *then the Tranſlation: 'Tis ſomething ſtrange, that neither* Ovid *himſelf nor nineteen Judicious Tranſlators can give this Gentleman the leaſt hint or light into* Publius Ovidius Naſo's *meaning,*

Quo te môri pedes? ——

Now on a ſudden he's ſtarted from Poetry, and is poſſeſt with the Spirit of ſublunary Wealth, and wiſhes with all his heart that he were as rich as a M. *or a Sir* C. *then would he quit all his title to* Pernaſſus, *and engage never to write: oh, never to write any more, that is to ſay, he'd be ſo unconſcionable as to have a good Eſtate for nothing:*

God proſper long our Noble King——

Now, as he ſaies, the late Tranſlators have already clipp'd the Original, and why ſhould not he clip too: whereas, my fear is, he hath clipp'd Ovid *ſo cloſe that it will hardly goe:*

When firſt King *Henry*, &c.

I believe no Book hath had ſeverer uſage then our Paraphraſers, *for, ſaies he, it was hurry'd into the Preſs before it cou'd make any defenſe for it ſelf: Now the meaning on't is, if it had met with impartial Judges, it had never been printed:*

The Glories of our Birth and State, *&c.*

But to conclude; Having wonderfully ſhew'd his Reading in his Preface *to his aforeſaid* Wits Paraphras'd; *in Scraps of old* Latin; *and at laſt, to his eternal Glory, one bit of falſe* Greek; *he is ſo far encourag'd, that he gives any man a Challenge in* Chaldee, Arabick, *and* Syriack, *though he confeſſes he knows nothing of the matter: But, to try him, I'll leave him with this* Syriack *Hexameter,*

Erytit ut ælutap ſnabucer bus enimget igaf.

And to let you know that this laſt Verſe, though ſomething rough, is not the effect of Indignation, I part friendly; onely with this Advice, That our Paraphraſer *would conſider, and follow any other Emploiment, more agreeable with his* Genius (*if he have any*) *then that of* Poetry.

P E-

PENELOPE to *ULYSSES*,

Lately tranſlated out of

OVID:

Now BURLESQU'D.

The ARGUMENT.

There hapning a Rebellion in Scotland, *in that Army which went under the Command of the Duke*; Ulyſſes *went Voluntier. The Rebels being quell'd, the Army return'd home*; *but* Ulyſſes *lay loitring at ſome Inne on the Road*; *which when his carefull Wife* Penelope *underſtood, ſhe ſent him this Epiſtle*; *giving him an Account how Affairs ſtood at home.*

I.

YOur poor *Penelope* admires that you
Should ever uſe a Woman as you doe!
Now every Souldier's at his own aboad,
You, like a Sot, ly tipling on the Road:

You are not left behind 'em as a Spy,
T' inform, in caſe of ſecond Mutiny:
The Devil of Hell will have that Fellow ſurely
Who firſt began this plaguy Hurly-burly.
Had it not been for this unlucky Fight,
Y'ad ſtuck to work all day: --to me at night.
Poor I muſt drudge at home all ſorts of weather,
And knit,-as Heaven and Earth would come together;
Twirling a Wheel, I ſit at home --hum--drum,
And ſpit away my Nature on my Thumb:
Thus, while I ſpin, you, like a carefull Spouſe,
Go reeling up and down from houſe to houſe.
Being you ſtay'd ſo long, I did conjecture,
You had been maul'd by *Sauny*, the *Scotch* Hector:
Old *Neſtor's* Son, that Fool, ſtood juſt by you,
When 's empty Scul, they ſay, was ſplit in two:
And, when he dropt, for all you are ſo ſtout,
You wiſh'd your ſelf at home, in ſhitten clout.

Yet,

Yet, after all, *Ulyſſes*, I am glad
You are alive, though you 're a ſcurvy Lad.
Our Neighbours here all day do tittle tattle,
And talk of nothing elſe but Bloud and Battle;
Were you at home, you could not chuſe but laugh
To hear 'em crack and bounce, now they are ſafe:
Perhaps when three or four of them are met,
And round about a Kitchin-table ſet,
There 's ſuch a Noiſe, a Clutter, and a Din,
The Rebel *Scots* are routed o're agen.
Some with Tobacco-pipes upon the Table
Do valiantly demonſtrate to the Rabble
The Foes chief Strength, with that another Spark
Hamilton's Houſe deſcribes, a third, the Park;
Another ſpils ſome Ale upon the Bench,
And, with his Finger, learns you to entrench;
One acts how fierce our valliant Souldiers ran-on,
Diſmounts a Can, and tells you, 'tis a Cannon;

Another cries, Neighbours, obſerve and look,
This Pot's Sir *Thomas*, and this Glaſs the Duke.
Thus while the Husbands draw this bloudy Scheme,
The Wives, behind their Chairs, were in a Dream;
Nay, ſome of 'em (I queſtion whether 'ts true)
Do tell ſome mighty Deeds perform'd by you;
That, being provok'd, you, like a valiant Man-drew,
And cut a *Scotch*-man's Luggs off --by St. *Andrew*.

I'm ne'er the nearer though they're overcome;
If you'll not mind your Buſ'neſs here, at home:
For my own part, I would not care a pinn
If they were ſtill in Arms, and you in mine:
Pr'ythee, come home; I cannot chuſe but wonder
What-a-God's-name you can be doing yonder:
By every Poſt and Carrier to the North
I've ſent more Paper then your Neck is worth:
I've ſent to *Hull*, to *Berwick*, and to *Grantham*;
I might as well have ſent a Poſt to *Bantam*.

Perhaps

Perhaps ſome Tapſter's Wife ſubdues your Heart,
Or elſe her Drink 's ſo ſtrong you cannot part:
And, when you're drunk, Lord, how your Tongue does (run,
That you've a Houſe well furniſh'd here in Town,
In which your Wife (or rather, Drudge) doth dwell
As conſtantly at home, as Snail in Shell.
(But yet, when I remember parting Kiſſes,
Then, then, methinks, thou ſhouldſt be true, *Ulyſſes.*)

My Father ſays, you're drown'd i'th watry Main;
The old Man joques, and bids me wed again;
His Councel, like himſelf, is ſtill unſound,
I 'd rather he were hang'd then you were drown'd.

Every day here comes a ſort of Fellows,
Enow to make a fooliſh Husband jealous;
From *Whetſon*'s-Park, *Moor-fields*, or ſuch like Places,
Fellows with Cuts and Frenches in their Faces;
There are but ſeven Fingers amongſt four,
And here they domineer, and ſwear, and roar:

Two of 'em ſay, they have been vaſt Commanders,
The other trail'd a Pike with You in *Flanders*;
There's one of 'em, they call him, merry *Robert*,
He, in a merry way, broke ope the Cubboard;
Here hath been *Irus* too, that *Iriſh* Thief,
W' hath eaten up a Surloin of Roaſt-bief;
What ſignifies my Father or my Self,
We can't ſecure our Meat upon the Shelf?
What great defenſe can Nurſe or little Boy-make
Againſt a Fellow with a Horſe's ſtomach?
The little Rogue, your Son, was almoſt drown'd,
Padling about, he tumbled in the Pond,
But we recover'd him with much adoo,
I hope, hee 'll prove a better Man then you.
In ſhort, If ſpeedily you do not come,
You will be eaten out of houſe and home:
The old Man's crazy, we from him muſt part,
And I have lay'd your uſuage ſo to heart,

That

That I am grown ſo wither'd now with Grief,
I look------more like your Mother then---

Your faithfull Wife,

PENELOPE.

CA-

CANACE to *MACAREUS*,

Lately translated out of

OVID:

Now BURLESQU'D.

The ARGUMENT.

Macareus *and* Canace, *Son and Daughter of* Æolus *(a Trumpeter of the Guards) being from children brought up together, at the last grew so intimately acquainted, that they made bold to ly with one another.* Canace *prov'd with Child by her Brother* Macareus. *She was deliver'd in the house; and the Nurse contriv'd to convey the Child through the Hall when* Æolus *was sounding his Trumpet, accompany'd with several sorts of Wind-musick; notwithstanding that noise, the shrill Cry of the Infant was over-heard by* Æolus, *who sent it away to be left in the Streets, and expos'd to the Mercy of the Parish; and to his Daughter* Canace *he sent a Halter, with this Message, --This you have deserv'd, --and you know how to use it.*

Canace

Canace *hang'd herself (as you may guess) before she wrote this Letter.*

II.

BEfore these rude, distracted Lines you read,
Believe the unlucky Authress of 'em dead.
Ever to see me more's beyond all Hope,
One hand a Pen, the other holds a Rope:
My blustring Father's troubled with a Whim,
And I must hang my self to humour him.
But when he sees my Carcase on the floor,
Surely he'll cease to call me Bitch or Whore:
His puffing and his blowing will be vain,
He cannot puffe me into Life again:
His Mind is swell'd much bigger than his Face,
I am (he saies) his Family's Disgrace:
All his great Friends and Kindred are provok'd!
What are his Friends to me when I am choak'd?
I wish that we had Strifled one another
That night I clung so closely to you, Brother:

Why did you love me more then did become ye?
It had been happy, if y'ad kick'd me from ye:
When firſt, with pleaſure, I lay under you,
Would y'ad been lighter by a Stone or two.

At firſt I wondred what ſhould be the matter
I look'd like Death, and was as weak as Water:
For ſeveral days I loath'd the Sight of Meat,
And every night I chew'd the upper Sheet:
I 'd ſuch Obſtructions, I was almoſt moap'd,
My Breath came ſhort, my ---- were ſtopp'd.

I call'd old Nurſe, and told her how it was,
She, an experienc'd Bawd, ſoon groap'd the Cauſe:
Quoth ſhe, for this Diſeaſe, take what you can,
You 'll ne'er be well, till you have taken Man:
When I was young, I thought I was bewitch'd,
I ſcratch'd my Belly, for it alwaies itch'd.

The Truth I will no longer hide, ſaid I,
I muſt enjoy my Brother, or I dy:

She tickl'd me, and told me 'twas no Sin,
Nearer of Bloud, said she, the deeper in:
Both you and I approv'd what Nurse had said,
So, without more a-doe, we went to Bed:
You in my Belly rummag'd all about,
To find this wonderfull Distemper out:
Too soon 'twould be discovered, was my Fear,
I could have let you search'd for ever there:
But Nurse can tell how I did sigh and sob
When we perceiv'd that you had done the Jobb.
I made th' old Beldam foot it up and down
To every Quack and Mountebank in Town,
For *Dendelion*, and *Camelions-thighs*,
Spirit of Saffron mixt with *Vultures-eyes*:
I would have given all I had been worth,
T' have kill'd the Child, before it had come forth:
But the strong Rogue lay fencing in my Womb,
And did those pois'nous Potions overcome.

Oh! when I saw the ninth Moon in the Wane,
Then I was in the Full of grief and Pain;
Then, then my Throws came on me thick and thick;
I groan'd, but for my Life I durst not shreik
Untill my Tortures came to such a growth
That Nurse with both her Hands did stop my Mouth:
I should have cry'd so loud, that every Neighbour
Would have discover'd I had been in Labour:
No Woman yet, that ever wore a Navel,
Endur'd so hard and so severe a Travel.

I curs'd your Sex, and wish'd a Rot might come
On all the Stallions throughout Christendom.
At last you came; I knew you by your tread;
I peep'd at you, though I was almost dead:
T' ward me you seem'd to have some kind Remorse,
But look'd, as if you would have eaten Nurse.
You Held my Back-parts, you could do no more;
Would you had never seen the Parts before.

Sister, said you, you shall not dy this Bout,
We're both unlucky, but, we'll rub it out.
To see what words from those we love can doe,
(Surely the Child within me heard you too,)
For streight he sprang forth from me, and did seem
To make his passage in a flowing Stream:
'Twas hard enough: but now's a harder Case,
To hide the Busness from my Father's face;
We did consult how to devise a way
Thorough the Hall our Bastard to conveigh.
My Father in Wind-musick still delighted,
And all the Gang that night he had invited;
Fellows that play on Bag-pipes, and the Fife;
The old Man always lov'd a noisefull Life:
They all did sound together after Supper,
And then to carry 'm off, we thought, was proper.
Nurse, in her Apron, took the little Brat,
Swath'd up in Linnen, Rushes over that;

Quite through the Hall she went her usual pace,
And, unconcern'd her self, humm'd *Chevy-Chace.*
Just to the door s'had safely carry'd him,
When the unlucky Wretch began to screme;
His little Organ made a shriller noise
Then all the Fluits, Recorders, or Ho-boies:
The old Man prick'd his ears up, like a Hare,
And after Nurse ran nimbly, as the Air:
Whether so fast, said he, old Mother Trundle;
Pray, let us see, What have you in your Bundle?
Quoth Nurse, —'Tis Mistress *Canny*'s dirty Smock:
Men into Womens secrets should not look.
He puff'd away the Rushes from her Lap,
And there appear'd the little sprauling Ape:
'Zounds, saies my Father, What is here? A Kid!
My daughter *Canny*'s finely brought to bed!
He rais'd so great a Tempest in the House,
I thought that Hell it self was broken loose;

He

He rag'd so loud, the Bed shook under me;
Methought I was in some great Storm at Sea:
He rush'd into the Room, and did discover
The bloudy Symptoms of a child-bed Lover:
Our Sexes Stains by him were here discry'd
Which Women from their own dear Husbands hide:
With his own hands he did design to wound me,
But that he saw something like Murther round me:
The Bastard in the Streets he did expose,
And what will be his destiny, God knows:
The little Knave, with Tears, did seem to answer,
As who should say, I beg your Pardon Grandsir.
Out went old *Trump*; I by his Looks could find
There was some Mischief hatching in his mind.

In came a Fellow of the *Bag-pipe* Gang
Whose very Whiskers seem'd to say, Go hang:
Before his words came out his tongue did falter;
At last he spake, *Canny*, look, here's a Halter:

Your

Your Father saies, 'Tis this you do deserve;
If you'll not use it, you may live, and starve.
His most obedient Daughter he shall think me;
If I don't hang my self, the Devil-sink-me.

Since Whoring does produce such strange effects,
Would I'd been born a Monster without Sex:
Let my young Sisters all be warn'd by me,
And curb betimes incestuous Lechery.

This I request of you, Dear Brother *Mac.*
That of our wretched Child some care you'd take;
If you can find him out, be not unwilling,
Towards his maintenance, to drop a shilling.

Let these my last Words be observ'd by you,
As I obey my Father's: ——so,——Adieu.

HYPSIPYLE to *JASON*,

Lately tranſlated out of

OVID:

Now BURLESQU'D.

The ARGUMENT.

Jaſon, *a* quondam *Foot-man, with ſome others, the nimbleſt of the ſame Function, join'd their Stocks, and purchas'd a Silver Bowl, which they ran for from* Barnet *to St.* Albans; *but, before the day of the Match, one* Medæa, *a Gipſey, and Strouler in thoſe parts, took a more then ordinary fancy towards* Jaſon, *whom ſhe ſo dieted with new laid Eggs, or what the Devil it was elſe, (ſhe being ſuſpected of Witchcraft,) that he won the Plate; and beat two famous foot Jockeys,* Whipping-Tom *and* Teage: Hypſipyle, *his Wife, whom he had deſerted, hearing of his good ſucceſs, and withall, of his Love-intrigue with* Medæa, *cauſed this Epiſtle to be ſent to him.*

From So-hoe *Fields*, Feb. 27. $16\frac{79}{80}$.

III.

Husband,

THE Neighbours in our Alley do relate,
That at St. *Albans* you have won the Plate.
How eaſy'a matter had it been for you
T' have ſent poor *Hyp.* your Wife, a *George* or two.
Did I, when *Flannel* was both dear and ſcarce,
Make you Trunk-hoſe to your ungratefull Arſe;
I ſew'd ſo long, my Fingers ſtill do ake,
And, in all Conſcience, I deſerve my Snack.
I can hear ſomething, though I keep at home;
I hear, y' have beaten *Teague* and *Whipping-Tom*.
You ran ſo ſwift and ſtrong, the People ſay,
You bore down all that ſtood but in your way:
Before your foundred Fellows could come up
You won the Match, and ſeis'd the *Caudle-cup*.
I know, y' have been a Rogue, and done me wrong;
Yet I'd hear this from your own flattring Tongue.

But

But why ſhouldſt thou e'er hope for that, poor *Hypſi.*
Since *Jaſon* loves a Bacon-viſag'd Gipſey.
As I was waſhing, th' other day, at door,
There came a Scoundril, ill-look'd Son-of-a-whore,
Who, jeering, ask'd if I were Madam *Jaſon*,
I'd like t' have thrown Soap-ſuds his ugly Face-on.
Said I, I 'm *Jaſon's* Wife, for want of better;
Have you brought Money from him, or a Letter?
How does he doe? Is he not very fine?
Come, come, let's ſee, I 'm ſure h'ath ſent me Coin.
Quoth he, By God of Heaven, not a Souze;
He onely bid me ſee you at your Houſe.
The Fellow told m' a Tale of Cock and Bull;
At laſt, I ask'd about your Tawny-Trull.
He ſaid, *Medæa's* your beloved Gipſey,
And that you 're often ſeen together tipſey;
But, he believ'd, 'twas but a Trick of youth:
A Trick! ſaid I, The Devil ſtop your Mouth.

Would I'd been laſh'd and whipt the City round
That day I marry'd thee, looſe Vagabond:
The Hangman in diſguiſe read Common-pray'r
When we were match'd, a very hopefull Pair:
Curſt be the time I did admit you firſt,
And ſtrove to quench your everlaſting thirſt:
What Plague poſſeſt me when I brought you home?
This was no place to run with *Whipping-Tom.*

If I had taken but my Siſter's councel,
Y' had never ſet your flat-foot o'er the groundſel:
She bid me exerciſe the Fork and Spit;
We'd then good Goods, but now the De'il a bit.

'Twas well enough a year, nay, almoſt two;
What Fury hath poſſeſſion of you now?
Villain, remember, when you went away,
How oft you Damn'd your ſelf, you would not ſtay;
And ſmoothly ſaid, No place ſhall us divide;
A Curſe upon your baſe diſſembling Hide!

I was

I was ſo big that I could hardly tumble,
Yet I believ'd your Oaths, and durſt not grumble:
Said you, Dear *Hypſi.* know that I am dead,
If I don't come before you're brought to bed;
You look'd like Air, with Breeches cloſe to thighs,
I fancy'd you 'd be back within a trice:
When you were gon, I to the Garret crept,
To ſee how nimbly o'er the Fields you tript;
As ſwift you went, ſo ſwift return you 'ld make,
But all this haſte was for that Bitches ſake:
Why do I rub my Windows, waſh my Room,
Expecting ſtill your Rogueſhip would come home.
'T would never vex me, if you were never ſeen
With ſuch a damn'd confounded naſty Quean:
A Witch, a Bitch, in whom the Devil dwells,
Whoſe Face is made of Greaſe and Wall-nut-ſhells.
Maſter, quoth ſhe, e'er from this Town you ſtir
You 'll loſe, (that is, Your Pocket's pick'd by her.)

A plaguy Jade, who curſes Night and Noon,
And houls, and heaves her Arſe againſt the Moon,
Contemning her, as Authreſs of the Flowers;
Railing at all our Sex, and poxing yours:
No Childing-woman doth in Travel linger
But tow'rds her Pain this Fiend holds up a Finger:
She'll ride a Stick; when Sow is brought to bed,
Then Pigs have no more life then pigs of Lead:
She, with the Mother, at a door will wheedle,
And, in her Infant's heart, will ſtick a Needle:
This I believe, what e'er of me you think,
S'hath put ſome Rotten-poſt into your drink.

'Tis ſtrange, that I ſhould ſuffer all theſe Wrongs
From her, whom I would ſcorn to touch with Tongs.
You'll loſe the Name of beating *Tom* and *Teague*
Whilſt with this Whore you do continue League:
Nay, ſome do very confidently ſay 't,
'T was by her Witch-craft that you won the Plate:

Some

Some think her Devil, others, new-laid Eggs,
Made you ſo faſt advance your Bandy-leggs:
What can you find in ſuch a Punck as ſhe
Who from a Dunghill brings her Pedigree?
My Father dwells at Sign of *Golden-Can*,
An honeſt Vict'ler, a ſubſtantial Man:
'Tis true, they ſay, he is a drunken Sot;
What then; i' th' Pariſh he paies Scot and Lot:
Old *Bacchus*, the Wine-cooper, was my Grandſire;
Let her produce ſuch Kindred if ſhe can Sir:
Her Children have been gotten in a Bog
By ſome large-pintled Wolf, or maſtive Dog:
My Babes were neither got nor whelp'd i' th' Streets,
I labour'd for them 'twixt a pair of Sheets:
That they are yours, I 'm ſure, you need not doubt,
For they 're as like as if y' had ſpit them out:
Could they have gon alone, I'd made 'em amble
To your Apartment underneath a Bramble;

But I conſider'd how your Whore would treat 'em,
Nay, it is ten to one, the Hag would eat 'em;
Or elſe, perhaps, ſhe'd ſtick their tender Skins
All full of Sparables, or crooked Pins;
Since of her own s' hath murther'd many a Brat,
Would ſhe ſpare mine; oh! never tell me that.
Methinks I ſee you and the hell-born Toad
Engendring in a Tree that's near the Road:
Suppoſe you were perſu'd as, y' are, a Thief;
Where would you fly? where would you find relief?
What if your ſelf and yonder Devil's-dam
Should come to me, and try if you could ſham?
Sure I ſhould make you very welcome both,
And entertain you nobly, by my Troth.
I ſhould toward you have ſome relenting Heart,
But 'tis my Goodneſs more then your deſert:
And, for your Fire-brand there, that loathſome Hag,
I would contrive the greateſt Pain and Plague:

Her

Her Noſe being ſlit, to make her look more grim,
Like a *Spred-Eagle* on her Face ſhould ſeem:
Her courſe black Skin ſhould from her Fleſh be rent;
I'd run a Spit into her Fundament,
And ſtake her to the ground; and when I'd don't,
I'd cut both Lips from her inſatiate [redacted]:
And, *Jaſon*, this thy Puniſhment ſhould be,
Thou ſhouldſt eat thoſe, ſo oft have ſwallow'd thee.
But ſince it muſt not be, I am contented
To let my Spleen in curſing her be vented:
May ſhe all Suſtenance for ever lack,
Untill ſhe takes her Child from off her Back,
And puts it in her Belly for a Nuncheon,
And for the Fact be thrown into a Dungeon:
May ſhe be burnt to Cinders as a Witch,
And you be hang'd for loving of the Bitch.

Yours, as you have us'd her,
HYPSIPYLE.

For John Jaſon, *to be left at his houſe, in a hollow Tree, between* Barnet *and St.* Albans.

ARIADNE to *THESEUS*,

Lately translated out of

OVID:

Now BURLESQU'D.

The ARGUMENT.

Theseus, *an Englisb Gentleman, and one who for his diversion admir'd Travelling*, especially on Foot, *having safely arriv'd at* Calais, *walk'd on easily from thence to* Paris, *where he had not long been, but he receiv'd an unmannerly Justle from a Cavalier of* France: Theseus, *whose great Soul could not brook the least Affront, resented this so highly, that he challeng'd him, fought him, and, after a long and skilfull Dispute between 'em, fairly kill'd him:* Theseus *was emprison'd in the* Bastile: *During his Restraint he held a League with* Ariadne, *the Keeper's daughter: And, though the Prison was as difficult as a Labyrinth, (such is the power of Love,) she soon contriv'd a way for his Escape by night: and he, accompany'd with Mistress*

Miſtreſs Ariadne, *footed it back to* Calais; *where, both lodging together at the* Red-Hart, *he very unkindly took the advantage of her Snoaring, and ſtole from her early in the morning; and went off with the Pacquet-boat to* Dover; *from whence he gently walk'd to* London, [redacted] *ber:* Ariadne *ſends him Theſe.*

IV.

NO ſavage *Bear*, no *Lion*, *Wolf*, or *Tyger*,
Would ever uſe his Miſtreſs with ſuch Rigor;
D' ye think you don't deſerve ten thouſand Curſes,
For leaving me in Pawn at Mounſeur *Forces?*
I wonder what the Tavern-people think!
For here I ſit, and dare not call for Drink.
While by your ſide I innocently lay,
You might have taken leave, a civil way:
I was half waken'd from a pleaſant Sleep
By th' melancholy ſound of *Chimney-ſweep:*
I ſtretch'd my Leg, to find out my Bed-fellow,
But I could grope out nothing but the Pillow:

Thinking t' have hugg'd you in my Arms ſo cloſe,
One of the Bed-ſtaffs almoſt broke my Noſe:
Theſ. Theſ. ſaid I, I hope you are not gone;
I might as well have call'd the Man i' th' Moon:
I rent my Head-cloaths off, *mortdieu! mortdieu!*
What will become of me? What ſhall I doe?
I op'd the Caſement as the Morning dawn'd,
And I could plainly ſee, that I was pawn'd:
With calling you I tore my Throat to pieces;
The Eccho jeer'd me with the name of *Theſeus*:
To th' top of all the houſe I ran undreſt;
The people thought that I had been poſſeſs'd:
At laſt, I ſpy'd you in the Pacquet-boat;
I knew 'twas you, or ſo at leaſt I thought:
Had you been walking, I had known your Stride,
And gueſs'd your Strutt from all Mankind's beſide:
Both Seas and Winds muſt needs be kind to thee,
Thou art ſo like 'em in Inconſtancy.

I thump

I thump my Breaſt, I rage, I ſtorm and fume;
The Houſe deſires I would diſcharge my Room:
Quoth one o' th' Servants, Miſtreſs *Ariadne's*,
Paſt all recovery, overwhelm'd with Madneſs:
Another crys, *Mam'ſell, Com' portez vou'?*
Fetch me my *Theſ.* ſaid I; What's that to you.
When in the Boat I cou'd no longer ſee you,
Ten thouſand De'ills of Hell, ſaid I, go we' you.

They think I'm drunk, I'm ſure 'tis not with Wine;
The Score 's too large; and you have left no Coin.
Into a Corner I am ſometimes dogg'd,
And there I cry, as if I had been flogg'd:
Sometimes I roul my ſelf upon the Bed,
And act thoſe poſtures o'er that once we did;
To my own ſelf with pleaſure I repeat,
Here lay my Head, and there I put my Feet:
I often call to mind our amorous Work;
Then here, methinks, I have you with a Jerk.

Sometimes they talk, that Ships are ſafe at home;
I liſten then, to hear if you are come.
Were I a Man, into the Seas I'd douſe,
And after you I'd ſwim, and bilk the houſe:
If I ſhould offer to run home again,
My Father 'd keep me in an Iron-chain;
I have betray'd the old Man's Truſt for you;
I may go whiſtle for a Portion now:
When, for your ſake, I ſtole the Priſon Keys,
I little thought to ſee ſuch days as theſe:
Oh! then your LOVE was mounted to a pitch;
You hugg'd me, as the Devil hugg'd the Witch:
You ſwore, with Oaths moſt deſperate and bloudy,
The Queen of *France* to me was but a Dowdy.
I have more Whimſeys then a dancing *Bear*,
Sometimes I dream the Conſtable is here;
And though the Waiters very often wheedle,
Yet I ſuſpect that they will bring the Beadle.

Again,

Again, I fear they 'll ſpirit me away,
And ſend me Slave into *Virginia*:
I was not bred a Drudge from the beginning,
Except it were to waſh my Father's Linnen.
Either to Sea or Land I durſt not look,
To Heaven I can't; you 've ſtole my Prayer-book:
Your Valour made my Fortune ſo untoward,
I would to God that you had been a Coward:
Diſtreſſed *Ariadne* now complains,
Becauſe ſuch ſprightly bloud runs in your Veins:
They ſay we *French* are very Hot, 'tis true;
But yet our Sparks are Froſt and Snow to you:
Curſt be the time when firſt you learnt to fence,
(Though that does never alter Men of ſenſe.)
I fanſie in what poſture you were found,
One Foot heav'd up, the other on the Ground:
As much of Warlike Grace you did diſcover
As any *Roman* Statue in the *Loure*.

Methinks

Methinks I hear you ſpeak to th' Cavalier,
Sa! Sa! Mounſeur, I have you here and there:
But now your valiant Acts are loſt for ever,
By ſneaking off, like a *French-Ribbon-Weaver.*
Had I not drank that *Brandy* over night,
I cou'd have wak'd, and ſo have ſtopt your Flight.
Curſt be the Wind which was ſo kind to you;
Curſt be the Boat, and curſt be all its Crew;
Curſt may I be for truſting what you ſaid;
Curſt may all Lovers be that ſnore in Bed.
Poor *Ariadne*, thou art finely ſerv'd,
Thy too much Love has brought thee to be ſtarv'd:
The Servants pitty me, and ſay 't's a hard-caſe,
I've nothing here to pay 'em with but Carcaſe:
This Carcaſe too has wept out all its Juice,
'Tis grown ſo dry, 'tis fit for no Man's uſe.
Think, when you're rev'ling in your Cups at *London*,
That your Poor *Ariadne*, here, is undone.

And

And when you come where People do reſort,
To hear your Travels told were pretty ſport:
With what tough Bit of Fleſh you did engage;
You thought you ſhould be killing him an Age:
Do not forget me; when you tell your Tale,
Tell 'em how I releas'd yout of Gaol;
And how with you I ſtole on foot through Allys;
And, pray forget not, that I 'am pawn'd at *Calais*:
And, when this Tale to your Companion 's told,
Imagine *Ariadne* ſtiff and cold:
When dead, they 'll bury me in ſome back Garden,
For I can't give the Pariſh-Clerk a farthing.

And 'tis for you I all theſe Sorrows prove;
So, Mr. *Theſeus*, thank you for your Love.

LAODAMIA to *PROTESILAUS*,

Lately tranſlated out of

OVID:

Now BURLESQU'D.

The ARGUMENT.

In the War between England *and* Holland, *one* Proteſilaus, *an* Engliſh *Lieutenant of a fifth rate Frigat, being wind-bound upon the* Downs; *his Wife* Laodamia, *hearing he was not gone off, ſent him this Letter; and, like a fond Wife, gives him ſtrict caution to avoid Fighting.*

V.

A Health to your Proſperity goes round,
And to your ſafe Return before you're drown'd:
My Neighbour *Jackſon*'s Wife began it to me;
If I don't wiſh it, may it ne'er goe through me:

We

We drink, and fanſie to our ſelves in vain,
That the good Winds will blow you back again.
I hate the Noiſe of a tumultuous Sea,
Give me a Tempeſt rais'd by you and me;
A Storm in which all Parts about us ſhake,
When we can hear the Bed beneath us crack.
At *Graveſend*, when we took our laſt Adiew,
The parting Kiſs, remember, I gave you:
I, like a ſhitten Girle, began to cry;
I had no mind, methoughts, to ſay, God b'w'y:
I heard Tarpaulins roar out, Hoiſe up Sail;
On Board, on Board; here comes a merry Gale:
In ſuch brisk Gales poor Women don't delight,
They blow away the Pleaſures of the night:
As you went off, I could not bear the Loſs,
A Qualm came o'er my Stomach quite-a-croſs:
Old Mother *Crump*, a very ſubtle *Croan*,
Saw by my Looks that I was almoſt gon:

A Pint of Brandy presently she brought,
And made me drink a very hearty draught;
She shew'd her Love, but what great good has't done?
How can I live with comfort now you're gone?
I wake, and find no Husband by my side;
I often think 'twere better I had dy'd:
Till you return, I'll ne'er be dreſt agen;
I have not comb'd my Head the Lord knows when:
A Glaſs of Wine sometimes my Heart does cheriſh;
Wer't not for that, I fanſie I shou'd periſh:
Becauſe I goe ſo taudry, like a Punk,
Some, that don't know me, think that I am drunk:
My Neighbours often tell me, Miſtreſs *Proteſ—*,
You goe ſo ſtrangely, all the Street takes notice!
Says one, You do your Husband's Friends diſgrace;
For ſhame! Put on a Petticoat with Lace:
Why ſhould they think that I would were a lac'd-coat,
When my poor Husband's in a Seaman's waſtecoat?

Should

Should I adorn my Head with Curles and Towers?
When a poor Skipper's Cap does cover yours.
These Plaguy *Dutch*, that they should break the Peace,
And not submit to us in *English* Seas:
Though, for my own particular, I swear,
If I could once again but have you here,
Let *Dutch* have Liberty to fish and foul,
I would not care a Farthing, By my Soul.
Methinks I see you now, and, by your looks,
You are engaging with a Butter-box:
Methinks just now a Bullet did escape,
And hit my Neck, just in the very Nape.
But oh! I swoon, when I do think of *Trump!*
His Ship's now giving yours a bloudy Thump!
Bless us, said I, Now, now you are dispatch'd!
That Dog has been at Sea 'fore you were hatch'd:
For Heaven's sake avoid him if you can,
He 's certainly the Devil of a Man!

If any Ship does make up toward you,
You may be ſure *Van-Trump's* among the Crew:
There's not a Shot does to your Veſſel come,
But I receive the Pain on't here at home.
What am I better if you beat the *Dutch*,
And you come hopping hither on a Crutch?
How finely 'mong the Neighbor-hood 'twould ſhow,
To ſee you ſtrut upon a timber Toe?
To rout the Foe is ſome great Adm'ral's Office,
In theſe Engagements you are but a Novice;
Your ſingle Valour's nothing on the Sea,
Your Combate ſhould be hand to hand with me.
Would I were in the Fleet with *Trump* or *Ruyter*,
To them I would become an humble Suiter,
And point out to them where your Squadron lay,
Directing them to ſhoot another way:
I'd ſpeak t'em thus; Great Souls of *Amſterdam*,
Pray hear a ſilly woman, as I am;

And

And let your Cannon my poor Husband ſhun,
He knows not to diſcharge a little Gun:
If you were Women, as you're Warlike Men,
He would perform great Actions wi' you then:
Your Fighting, Skirmiſhing, and Breaking Bones,
Are onely fit for Men that want their Stones.

Juſt as you were commanded to your Ship,
Remember, at the Stairs, your Foot did ſlip;
Think on that Slip, and, when the *Dutch* are ſhooting,
Duck down your Head, as if you wanted footing.
I wiſh your Captain ſome great Coward were,
And durſt not bring the Veſſel up for fear:
I wiſh to God he would not ſail too faſt;
You'll come too ſoon, although you come the laſt.
When you return, they'll ask how Matters ſtand;
I hope you'll know no more then we at Land.

All the day long I ſmell no ſcent but Powder,
Each minute Guns goe louder off and louder.

Moſt marry'd Women long till it be night,
But, for my part, I hate the thoughts of it;
Unleſs, by chance, I ſleep, and dream of you:
Fancy's the kinder Husband then o' th' two:
And when I wake, and feel the Linnen wet,
I find, I've wept for joy upon the Sheet:
This to Enjoyment gives but half content;
When ſhall we meet together by conſent?
Oh, how I long to hear you tell in Bed
Some ſtrange Romantick Tale of what you did!
But when you find you can't prolong the Jeſt,
And, being at *Stand*, —kiſs out the reſt.

Againſt both Wind and Tide why will you go?
You'd ſcarce come home if Wind and Tide ſaid No.
You fight, methinks, about ſo mean a thing,
Which ſhould have Privilege of catching *Ling*:
Old-Ling I hate worſe then a Common Whore;
(Would you lov'd Fighting with the *Dutch* no more:)

I ate

I ate it once, and that againſt my will,
And ſometimes fancy that I ſmell on't ſtill.
But though thou art expos'd to Seas and Wind,
It is ſome Eaſe unto my troubled Mind
To ſee thy comely Picture in the Hall,
Drawn to the life with Charcoal on the Wall:
I prattle to it as if thou wert here;
'Tis late; Pr'ythee let's goe to Bed, my Dear:
Methinks thou ſay'ſt, I 'll humour thee for once;
Thou 'lt work me at the laſt to Skin and Bones:
I kiſs the Wall, and do my Cheeks beſmear,
And ope my Mouth, as if your Tongue was there.
By all the pleaſant Poſtures of Delight,
By all the Twines and Circles of the Night,
By the Firſt minute of our nuptial Joys,
When you put fairly for a Brace of Boys,
I do conjure you, have a ſpecial care,
And let not ſaucy Danger come too near;

For when I hear that thou art knock'd o' th' head,
I'll hold you ten to one that I am dead.

THE END.